

## TURNING ON THE SPOTLIGHT

BY CHARLES DARNTON

EVEN with "The Czarina" and the Bat Theatre of Moscow, the theatrical fare of the week need not be caviare to the general public, for these thawing nights have also brought us two English plays, a French comedy of character and a London revue. Indeed, we have had a little of almost everything except the native variety of stage stuff.

Still we have yet to hear a protest from American authors that home talent is being neglected, though since last we clutched the pay envelope there has been agitation against the employment of foreign actors on our stage, while many of our own players are out of work.

There can be no doubt that this movement is directed against English actors—we might just as well be frank about it. How far it will go is an interesting question, for it is a peculiarly difficult matter to handle. Certainly, American actors should be given preference, and as a matter of common sense, aside from any argument of the justice of their case, they should be engaged to act American plays. This point ought to be settled without dispute, for the simple fact that an English actor in an American role is necessarily absurd. Yet this ridiculous practice is by no means unknown to our stage.

On the other hand, English plays produced here are more convincing for having English actors, and so it would seem that a manager should be free to make his choice on such occasions. It is this circumstance, more than any other, perhaps, that keeps so many London actors in New York. In fact, a number of them have become permanent residents, possibly because they can make a great deal more money here than they could get on the other side.

CONDITIONS are pretty bad over there, judging from reports. For example, Carados has this to say in a recent number of "The Referee":

"On my desk lie letters of a heart-rending nature appealing for help from the Referee Pensioners' Fund, or imploring my assistance in endeavoring to get work, however humble, from this or that theatrical or variety manager with whom I am delighted to be on terms of friendship. Moreover, I have been stopped in the street of late by many clever, worthy, temperate and honorable living men and women and begged for introductions for work in the theatres, the halls and the 'pictures.' Your professional of the real kind is very proud and very loath to make his or her needs known—and we who know this know that when they do implore aid they must have gone down to starvation point.

"And, by way of conclusion, let me quote another happening—another little contrast won't do us any harm. Here it is: I recently heard of a case where a lady offered £2,000 for a part in a certain important production, and this sort of thing—and the roping-in of wealthy amateurs or luxuriously 'protected' girls and women—continues to go on, while clever and clean-living men and women are 'walking about' some (as I have seen) thankful to get the 'Parish' allowance of food per week or asking for the unemployment dole."

HAVE we, I wonder, any such "wealthy amateurs" on our stage? Perish the thought!

WHILE we are in the mood let us extend our sympathy to Miss Doris Keane, who surely deserves it now that once again in "The Czarina" she seems doomed to struggle along for years with success staring her in the face.

Before "Romance" entered her life and held her for nine or ten years, she was free and happy, skipping lightly from role to role and finding fresh adventure in the theatrical news almost every morning of her life, murmuring eagerly over her coffee, "There might be a good part for me in that piece," thereupon tearing out the paragraph and placing it carefully beside her plate. Then "Romance" claimed her, and the youth that might have been Juliet's was ensnared by cruel success that dragged her from her friends, the joyous two-step, and chicken salad until it carried her to London, where she became so hopelessly famous that she was compelled to make the best of her lot with the King and Queen and other comparative strangers.

And now that she is back at last, look at her as Catherine the Great Lover! What chance has she of becoming anything else for heaven knows how long? When will she be able to lay aside those robes of state she has just assumed? How long must she wait before she can say to the ardent Cossack and the patient ambassador that she is through with

both of them forever? Consider her bitter plight, put yourself in her place and see how you'd like it.

Yes, 'tis the woman who pays, if she happens to be a remarkably good actress. Gilbert Miller may well hang his head in silence. There is nothing he could say for luring Miss Keane on to another enduring success with a production of such splendor that it would turn any woman's head. But even greater blame rests upon Edward Sheldon. He may defend himself in a measure by hotly asserting that when he wrote "Romance" he did not know what he was doing for Miss Keane. But he knows now, and moreover he knew what he was doing when he took "The Czarina" from the Hungarian and dangled it before Miss Keane's fascinated eyes.

Think of this beautiful young actress being compelled to go on and on in the same play night after night, probably year after year! The pity of it chokes further words.

## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



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## That's One Thought, Anyway!

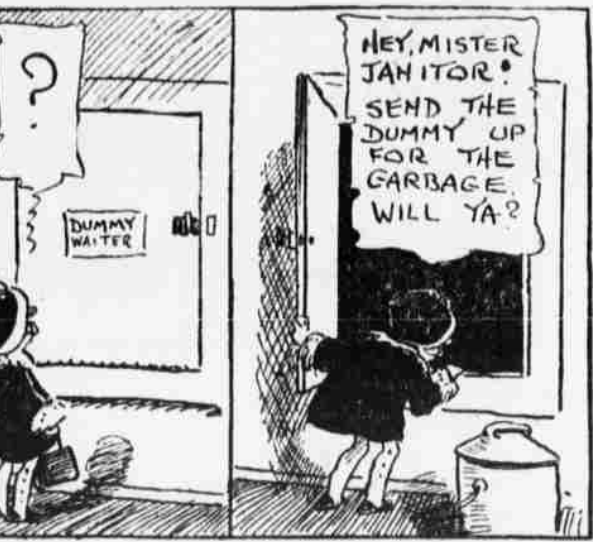


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## LITTLE MARY MIXUP



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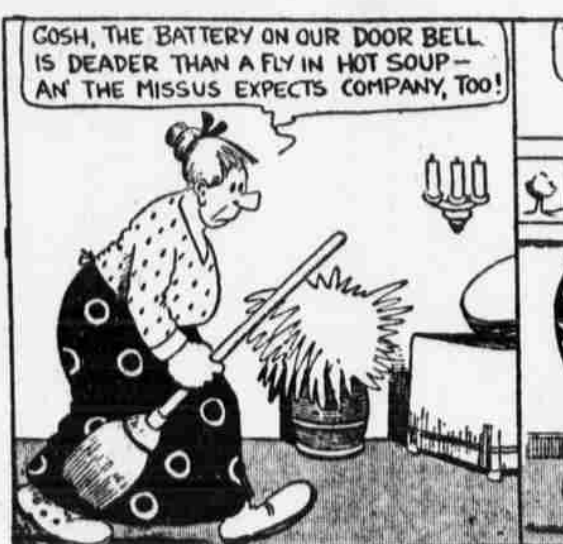
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## Quite a Come-Down for Mary!



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## KATINKA



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## They'd Do It, Anyway!



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## About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

I SAW the letter written you by a buyer for a silk house," says a note from a manager who wishes to withhold his identity, "and I noticed he suggested more musical shows for New York, saying they are what the public want. He is right, at the moment, merely because musical shows are few compared to those without music. Let the producers put musical shows in twenty-five of the fifty first class theatres in New York, and fifteen of them will fail. New York has room for about ten musical successes. The comparative scarcity of musical shows concentrates the public on them, and the result is crowded houses, higher ticket prices, and more advertising. No wonder the buyer who comes to town and is offered a free ticket picks a musical show. He's probably tried to buy tickets to it at a broker's already and has learned something. But by all means, let us have more musical shows if the public wants them."

OBSERVATIONS. Our "Rhymed Proposal" business is assuming such large proportions that we're going to have to hire a good-looking blond secretary if we don't look out. However, that isn't the reason we mention it in this sec-

## RHYMED PROPOSALS

"If I can't have you, dear editor," writes Vivian J. of Yonkers, "I'll try for one of the lesser males reading your column. I have flunked once in the sea of matrimony, but have come up smiling."

It is with reluctance that we toss Vivian into the basket to be grabbed for by the wife seekers. Of course we won't have to steal pennies from the baby's bank, Charles S. M. of the Bronx might take this to heart if he wishes. We're willing to marry you off, Charles, but we'll be damned if we're going to let it cost us money. Our motto is, "We furnish the girl; you furnish the stamp."

Of talents I shall let you tell, For I sing and dance and draw as well. Earnest, kind and strive to please, 'Tis not oft together that we find these.

Fate's kind hand engaged me thrice To young men who were all so nice. So one day I chose matrimony. And now I'm seeking alimony. Once more upon life's brink I'll fling. Surely, boys, my hat's in the ring. A happy home and a gracious wife, In exchange for the right man all his life.

A NEW POET ARISES. Harry Saks Hochheimer, one of the best toddlers in the legal group, has a heart and a soul and they have in-

cited him to write poetry. The other day a lady friend said goodbye to him when starting on a journey and a real poem was the result. Look: May days, with their treasured hours, are past; Still are the stars and shadows haunt the moon. June days with sunshine dappling the grass, The silken rustling of the wind stirs the branches of the budding tree, I wonder, my destinies I know not, Thinking, dear, of thee.

CAT REWARDS BRAYTON. Jude Brayton, who wrote "Ain't It the Truth," produced at the Manhattan Opera House recently, sat in his apartment one night not long ago and a stray cat appeared before him. At first he was inclined to put her out; then he changed his mind. The cat found a warm spot under the gas range and next morning Jude discovered her singing a lullaby to six kittens. It pays to be kind.

GOSSIP. Earl Carroll will open the Earl Carroll Theatre with a play by Earl Carroll. Blondes outnumber brunettes in

"Get Together," at the Hippodrome, four to one. Geoffrey Millar, off-stage screamer of "Bull Dog Drummond," has a sore throat and Tracy Baron is whooping it up for him. Master Gabriel of "Buster Brown" fame will be in "Letty Pepper," the new Charlotte Greenwood musical show.

Nearly all the theatrical attractions in the Broadway district will have special Lincoln's Birthday matinees Feb. 12. George Lefty Miller wires us that he will pilot Marjorie Rameau back to New York next week for an engagement at the Bronx O. H. Wagenhals & Kemper have received cable advice to the effect that Princess Mary will see "The Bat" in London to-night. Harry L. Cort has been suffering with the "flu" for a week. Yesterday he escaped from his home and a stray cat appeared before him. At first he was inclined to put her out; then he changed his mind. The cat found a warm spot under the gas range and next morning Jude discovered her singing a lullaby to six kittens. It pays to be kind.

John Harper, for the past two years Assistant Treasurer at the Fulton Theatre, has been made Treasurer at the Nora Bayes. Al Jolson is going to New Jersey to-

narrow to sing some of his "Bombo" songs over the radio. Al says he wonders if the air will really carry the air.

The dancers of New York's west side will compete in a preliminary of the Eastern States one-step championship contest at the Terrace Garden Dance Palace to-morrow afternoon. Tuesday evening a deer one-step contest will be held at the Dance Palace. Girls only participate in an affair of this sort.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY. At 1:50 o'clock yesterday afternoon the Arbuckle jury stood ten to two for conviction. What else could Fatty have expected at 1:50 but ten to-two?

FOOLISHMENT. (For Female Vamps). Oh, you flirty lady fair, Winking at us ev'rywhere; Getting pinched in subway cars. What a thing you are! My stars! You should cut it out, my child. Why set feeble old men wild With your glances at them hurried? Naughty world; oh, tricky world! What a cut-up!

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "When is a pair of ice skates like an apple?" "Now I certainly am stumped, Cafeteria, dear." "When it causes the fall of man."

## Screening

By DON ALLEN

NICE PLOT. Everett Shinn, noted artist, with very "burlesque" burlesques as a of artistic safety valve. Incidently they fatten up his bank account considerably.

Years and year ago Shinn was "For Pity's Sake" and the skit appeared for almost a decade on Keith circuit. Now he's done it again. This time he has written a burlesque for Warner Bros. which is known as "Prune-Hater's Daughter." It is about one man who invents a machine for de-seeding prunes and another villain who invents a machine for putting the seeds back. Heavy stuff, Everett! Heavy stuff!

## THE PARSON SPOKE.

Ernest Truex and Julia Mills are going through a marriage scene, the vestible of a country man for the closing scene in the "Heavenly Lover." The actor who portrays the minister was particularly good. When he started the marriage ceremony he said: "He who calleth his brother is in danger of hell fire." Bride and bridegroom answered simultaneously: "I do."

It must have been cold.

## CHARGE, ROVER, CHARGE

A thrill of excitement swept the Screenings Sanctum yesterday when we ripped open the envelope from Warner Brothers and read while acting in "Shadows of the Jungle," Grace Darmond had jumped over an elephant. The thrill subsided, however, when upon rereading the item, we saw like the Irishman and the Brooklyn Bridge, that Grace had not jumped "over" a pachyderm, but "off" one. Evidently that is what caused one of the "shadows" if a black-and-blue mark can be classified in the shadow category.

## "WANTED FOR"

There's a bold, bad man loose. Lots of other bad men, he is able to walk right up to any policeman and murmur: "Howdy, Cop," without fear of arrest. This time, however, the bad man only had in the movies—and he has been in the jumping drama long enough to be thoroughly bad heart. Anyway, Charles W. Boyer, who was born in Newark, but rapidly recovering, sorter glories of it that he's around Broadway boasting that he has just spent "Nights in a Barroom."

We know, personally, 47,543 others who would like to be able to make the same boast, truthfully.

## FADEOUTS.

Helen Ferguson started her movie career as a blond angel, and, jerked toward the stars on a wire. She's arrived among the reel stars now, all right.

Max Linder, following a serious illness, is once more cavorting before the eyes of the camera. Lucille Rickson, twelve-year-old Goldenwyn leading "woman," is starting early on her quest for publicity. She reports she was robbed of oodles of jewelry recently.

"The Song of Life," a John Stahl production, shows to what length one woman's dislike of dolls dishes carried her. The "song" is a discord. "All human clowns are not wit circles," muses Asop's Film Fable. Bettina Campbell has the leading feminine role in "Why Men Forget." She is one of the main reasons. Nathan Franko, famous violin leader, will wield the baton over Strauss Orchestra next week. Lloyd Hamilton's latest Mervyn Comedy, released by Educational, "Rolling Stones," if Lloyd is as funny as usual, the film will be continuous scream.

"Torches and Orange Blossoms," the fragrant title of Jimmy Hines, next release. Charles Ray is back where he belongs in "The Barnstormer." He again playing one of those boob country boy roles for which he is famous. Earl Derr Bigners has had two stories translated into films. Translated is right!

Douglas Fairbanks attributes his ability to do his acrobatic stunts, psychological urge—whatever it may mean.